

thus getting into disgrace with his neighbours sometimes. And though the cruel joke of filling an empty shell with pepper for his benefit was played upon him, the fault remained. Barking at horses was another grave offence, which nearly cost the life of the old village physician as he passed one day on horseback.

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1899.

THE WEE SOLDIER.

BY HELENA H. THOMAS.

Harry's vacation, to use his own words, was "just no good at all, cause the very first week I was took down with the measles."

In justice to the little man, however—who, early in the summer, coaxed his mamma to buy him a uniform, and who ever since has "made believe soldier"—I must tell my little readers that he showed the spirit of a hero during the long days of the quarantine, for, according to his mother's statement, the dear boy never murmured, not even when denied the food he longed for. At such times he would bite his lips as if to keep back complaints, and then say: "I'm a truly soldier now, ain't I, mamma?"

"As soon as the horrid card was took down," Harry's uncle took him for a drive into the country, where, greatly to the boy's delight, at a farm house where they stopped for dinner he saw many things which to him were strangely new. Nothing so took his fancy, however, as the dear little chicks, which, as the farmer's children told him, were hatched late "cause Bidly stole her nest." Imagine, then, if you can, children, Harry's joy, when he had taken a seat in the carriage and was about to say good-bye, to have pressed into his hand a box by the country lad, who

had so admired the uniform, like a "truly soldier," and on opening it to find two little chicks. He screamed so with delight when told that they were his own to keep that the giver blushed with pleasure.

The thoughtfulness of one child, however, and the joy of the other placed the one who held the reins in an awkward dilemma; but at last he ventured: "You are very kind to give Harry some of your little pets, but I cannot consent to his taking them from you. They are so little that they would surely die without the old hen to scratch for them."

"But I can't part with them," said Harry ruefully, holding the box tightly. "Do let me keep 'em, uncle! I won't let 'em die. I can't give 'em up!"

"But, Harry, dear, how would you like it if I should give you away to some strange man at the roadside?"

At this query the boy's face grew very red, but he showed no signs of relenting, and so his uncle continued: "What would you have done when you had the measles if you had not had any mamma to care for you? If you leave the chicks with the mother hen, she will care for them and see that no harm comes to them; but if you insist on taking them away from her, they will die."

Harry is not only a brave boy but he has a tender heart as well, and in evidence of it I am glad to be able to state that he at once returned the chicks to the farmer boy. Then, with a sob in his voice, he said, "Please drive fast;" adding a little later, with an effort at self-control, "If I hadn't been a soldier, I should have been a cry-baby."

ABOUT SEEDS.

How wonderful seeds are! A bean, a chestnut, a grain of corn or rice or wheat, the tiny flower seed—each one planted will send up a plant that will bear its own kind. Each plant has a seed vessel which is a true treasure box, because it has in it the promise of the plant to come.

God, who made the world, has made everything in it beautiful and wonderful. And even in the tiniest of these little seeds we shall find how he has fitted it for exactly the place it has to fill—just as he has a place and a work for the smallest boy or girl who reads this.

Grass seed is very light and small. the wind can shake it from its case and blow it along. The seed of the maple-tree has a pair of wide wings, so that it will float far before it drops to the earth to plant a new tree. The poppy has a seed pod like a beautiful little box with a fluted lid. The seeds of all berries are in a nice pulp, so that birds will pick them and carry the seed far off to grow in a new place.

The chestnut has a prickly burr with four brown nuts or seeds in it. The rose seeds are in a bright red berry which attracts birds. Cherries, plums, pears, apples, have their seeds inside a rich pulp.

Do you know that a watermelon is

really only a great, handsome seed box? The pumpkin and squash are seed boxes too. So are bean and pea pods. The lady-slipper has a queer, pointed seed box, and when it is ripe it snaps open and flings out the seeds a yard or so off. Thistles and dandelions have sails of down on the seed, so that they can be carried about by the wind. Some seeds, as nuts, beans and peas and grains, are good for food. Pomegranate seeds are of this kind. In a big, round seed box, about the size and shape of an orange, are a great number of seeds, each enclosed in a pulp, and the whole making a refreshing food. See how many seeds you can find, and you will wonder at the variety of their colour and their strange and pretty shapes, from the big cocoon down to the little portulaca like a bit of steel filing.

THE BOY WITH TWO TEMPER.

BY F. R. BATCHELDER.

A little bad boy with a little cross face
Came slowly down-stairs in the morning;
Of fun or good nature he showed not a trace;
He fretted and cried without warning.
He'd not touch his breakfast, he'd not go and play!
If you spoke, he just answered by snarling;
He teased his pet kitty; and all the long day
He really was "nobody's darling."

A little good boy with a little bright face
Came down in the morning time, singing,
And indoors and out, and all over the place,
His laughter and music went ringing.
He ran grandpa's errands; his orange he shared
With Sue; and he found mamma's thimble;
To do what was asked he seemed always prepared,
And in doing it equally nimble.

These two little boys who are wholly unlike,
Though they live in one house are not brothers;
That good little lad and that bad little tyke
Have not two kind fathers and mothers.
But there are two tempers to only one boy,
And one is indeed such a sad one
That when with the good one he brings us all joy,
We ask: "Has he really a bad one?"

The leaves of the talipot palm of Ceylon do not seem wet even after the hardest rain, but are always light and dry. The natives use them to write upon instead of paper. They use a sharp knife instead of a pencil, and the lines thus traced on the leaf endure for years, because the water is shed from it.